

NBA ALL-STAR
CHRIS PAUL

LONG SHOT



NEVER TOO SMALL TO DREAM BIG

Illustrated by FRANK MORRISON

 **SCHOLASTIC**

LONG SHOT



With the most humble of hearts for the blessing of such a caring and supportive family and upbringing, I dedicate this book to my late grandfather, Nathaniel Jones.

I also want to express such gratefulness to all of my loving family. I am so thankful to each member—from the oldest to the youngest—for teaching me the true meaning of family, unconditional support, and for always believing in me, my dreams, and the endeavors life brings my way.

Thank you,
Chris

To my sons, Nyree, Tyreek, and Nasir. Never stop dreaming. They eventually come true.—F. M.

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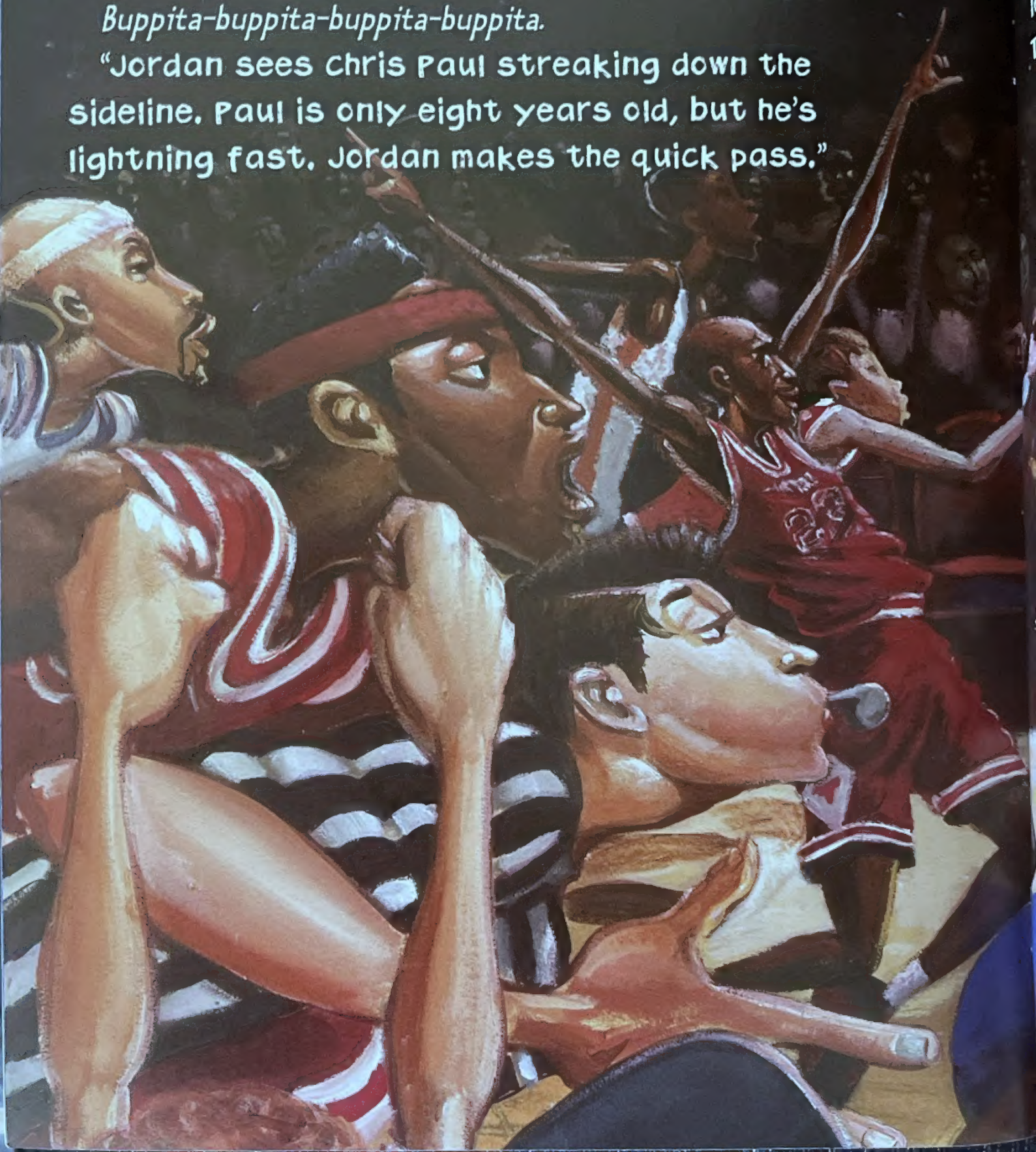
New York Toronto London Auckland
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Buppita-buppita-buppita-buppita.

"Michael Jordan is stalled in double coverage. He looks for an outlet."

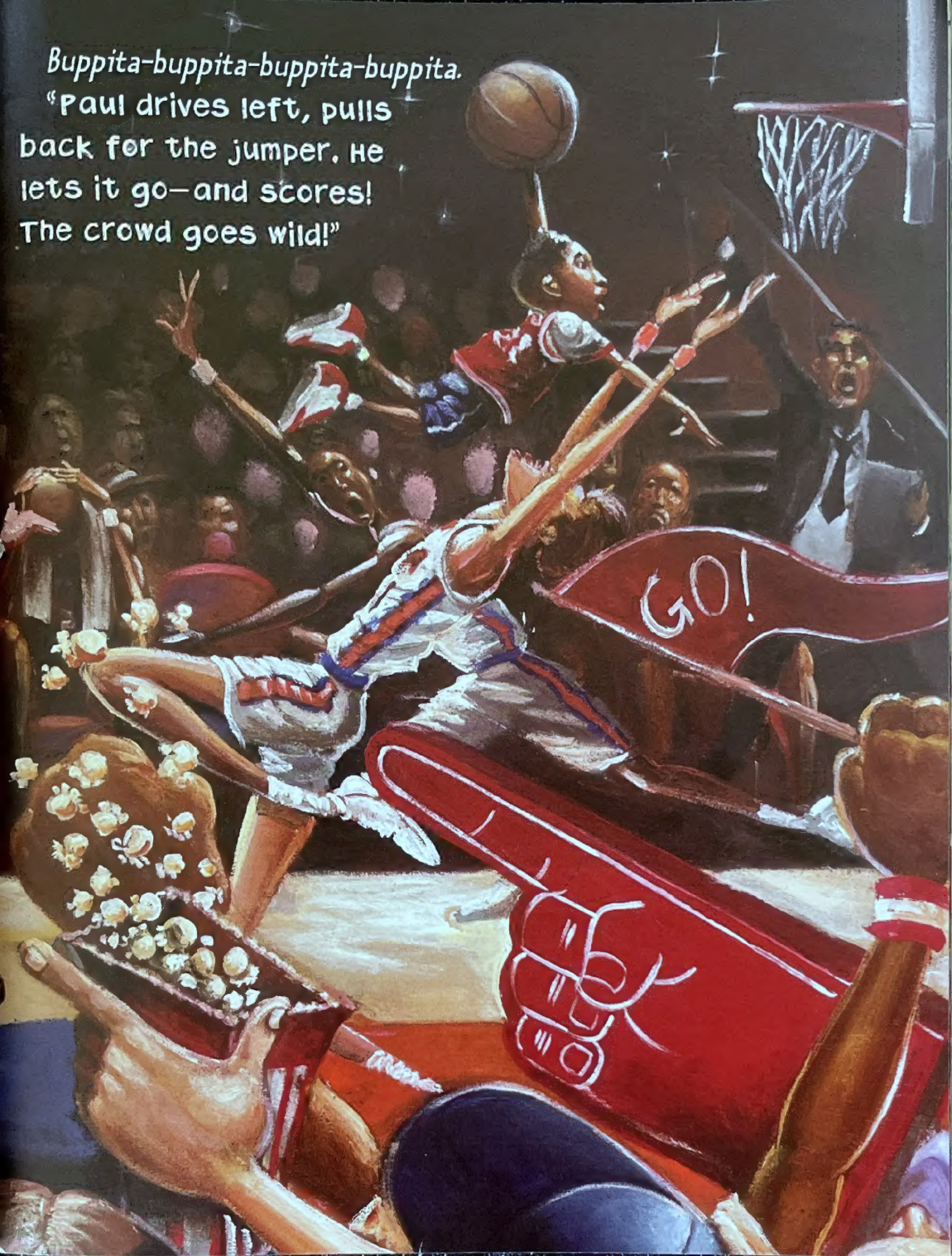
Buppita-buppita-buppita-buppita.

"Jordan sees Chris Paul streaking down the sideline. Paul is only eight years old, but he's lightning fast. Jordan makes the quick pass."



Buppita-buppita-buppita-buppita.

"Paul drives left, pulls
back for the jumper. He
lets it go—and scores!
The crowd goes wild!"



"In your dreams, Chris."

My brother, C. J., and his friends were just getting back from the playground. They loved to tease me about my game.

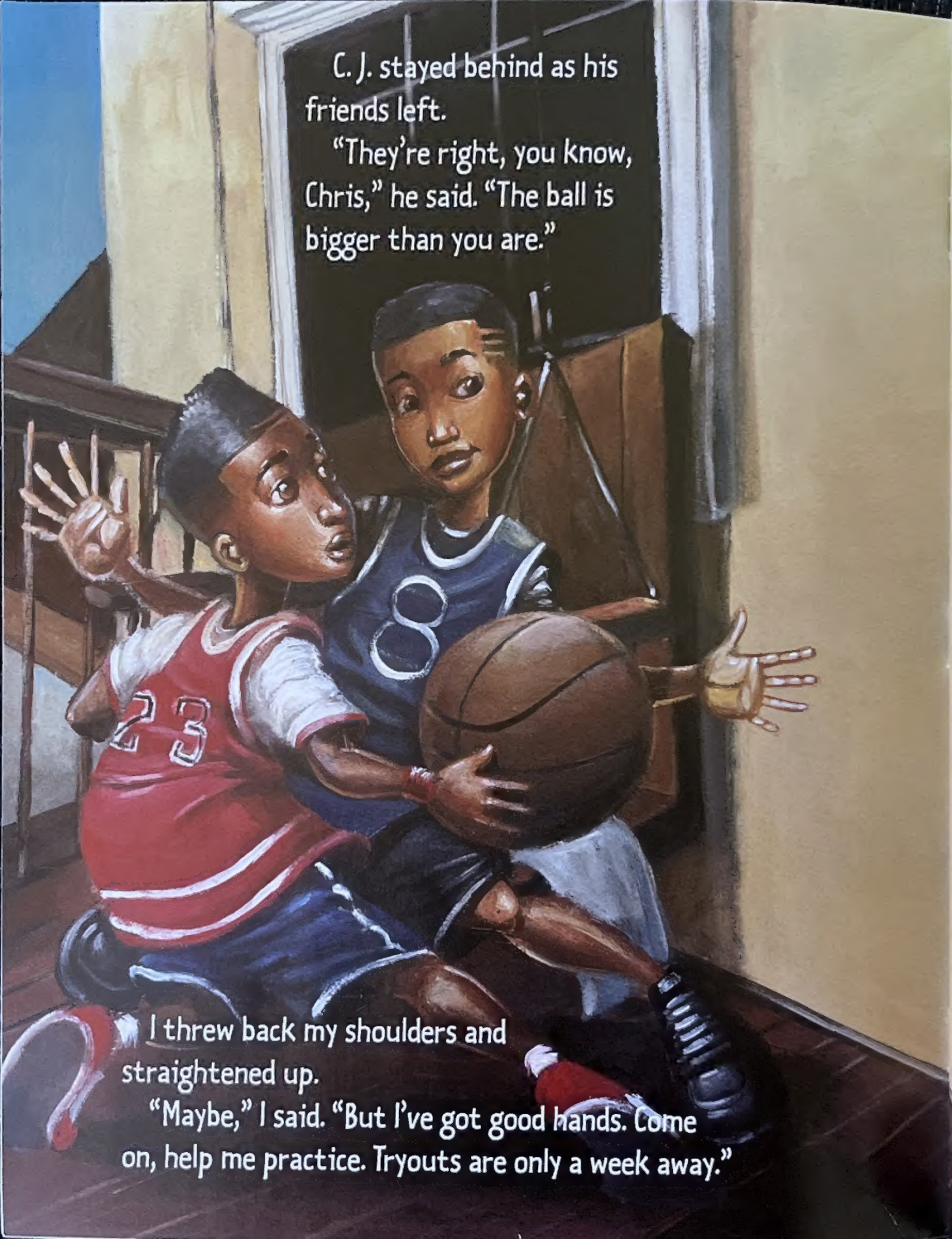
"You're too small to play basketball," said one friend.

"And tiny," said another.

"Did we mention small?" added a third.
They all laughed.





An illustration of two young boys playing basketball in a doorway. The boy on the left, wearing a red jersey with the number 23, is in a defensive stance with his arms raised. The boy on the right, wearing a blue jersey with the number 8, is holding a basketball with both hands and looking at the first boy. The background shows a doorway and a wooden chair.

C. J. stayed behind as his friends left.

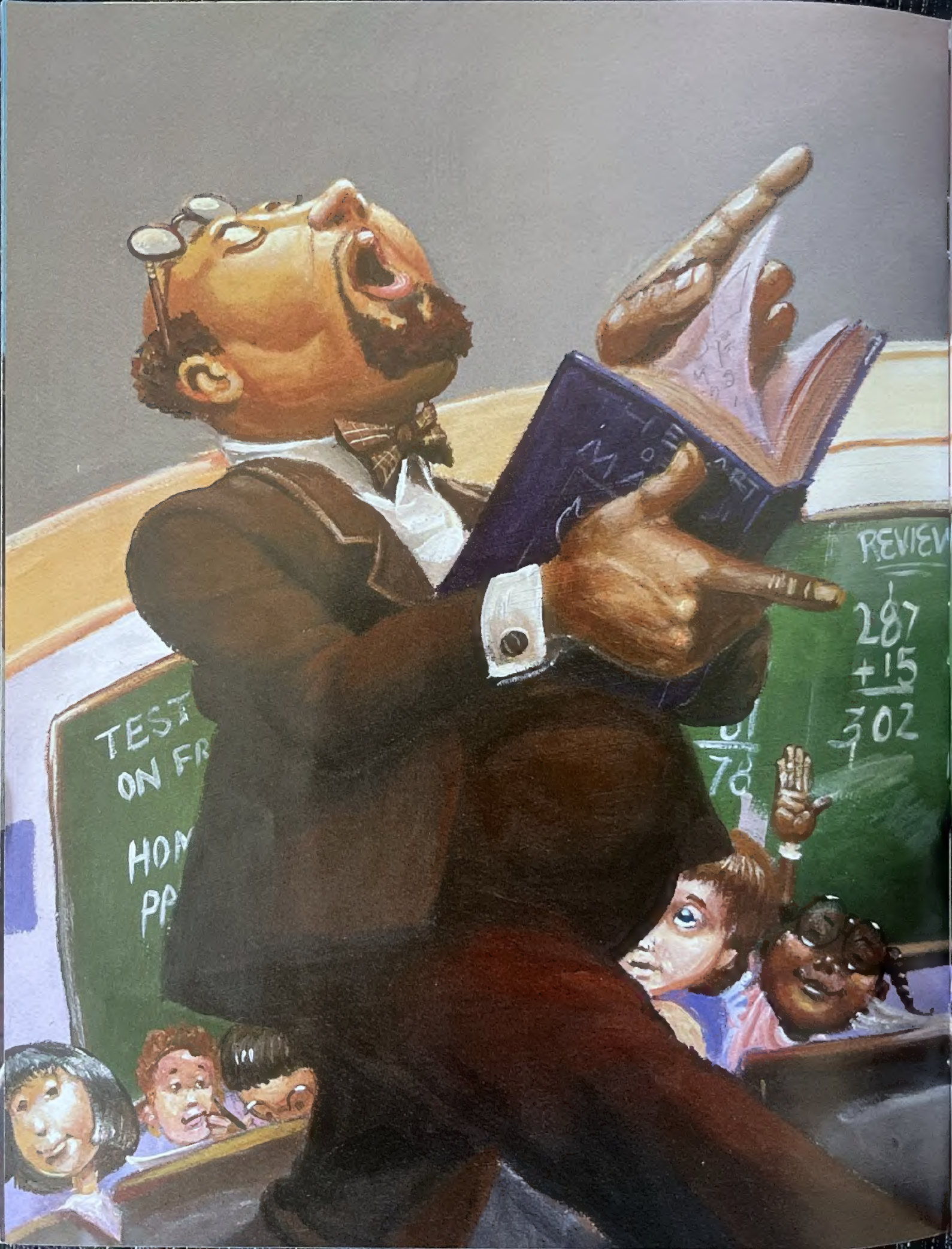
"They're right, you know, Chris," he said. "The ball is bigger than you are."

I threw back my shoulders and straightened up.

"Maybe," I said. "But I've got good hands. Come on, help me practice. Tryouts are only a week away."

"Hey," called our mother from the doorway. "What you boys need to practice is setting the table and eating your vegetables. Basketball will still be there after supper."





At school the next day I didn't pay much attention. All I could think about were the tryouts.

When my teacher talked about math, I remembered that the average height of a player in the NBA was 6 feet 7 inches tall. I was only 4 feet 1 inch tall. And I wasn't going to get much taller in the next few days.



That night I was lying in bed when Mom came in.

"What are you thinking about, Chris?"

"Coach is only going to take fifteen players. What if he thinks I'm too small?"

